Five feet tall! Yes, Bordurin, with jealous care, had surrounded him with objects which ran no risk of diminishing him; a hassock, a low armchair, a shelf with a few little books, a small Persian table. Only he had given him the same stature as his neighbour Jean Parrottin and both canvases had the same dimensions. The result was that the small table, in one picture, was almost as large as the immense table in the other, and that the hassock would have almost reached Parrottin's shoulder. The eye instinctively made a comparison between the two: my discomfort had come from that.

--Jean Paul Sartre, Nausea

7/9/70

Dear Joe,

I was sitting in the garden with the sandals I bought on Rue Castiglioni in 1952 when Sartre's Antoine Roquentin reached the Rue Castiglionni (mine in Paris, de? Castiglioni?) where I bought two silk paisley neckties and returned for the sandals the next day. I suggested earlier that Spring to Marcus Mallett, who taught the course in philosophy and literature, that he (with whom I had just had the course, taking up Faulkner) take up Nausea, which I had never read; he was repelled at the suggestion; and took Thomas Mann, so I (fall, '52) stopped auditing, when Nausea might have cured me of the philosophical malaise I was suffering. But it's a useful book now. Finally I received Tri-Q & wrote to S. Koch, who called yesterday, amiable, gossippy, sounding like an ex-patriot in his own land, that is, without detectable loyalties, or with ambition outstripping commitment, but genial, so I'll send him the Morris essay; but also he made me realize that my blunt statement that David Segal had been fired was insensitive, that he and his career are both valuable to you, that I should have conveyed something more feelingful than I did. I am so Panglossian (that is, fatalistic or passive) that I figure some unimagined purpose will be served, so that I don't always allow for present feelings. Stephen says that David may go to Knopfs. I assume that you are in touch...

Your postcard with Midsummer Night's asses arrived so I'll mail this now. I hope you'll write down your course of at least take good notes on yourself. I've been writing this morning about 2001 & feel quite disembodied. the trip to post office & back I'm about to make will revive my materiality.

Bill